

BEING A COMPANION TO
Cumberland's British Theatre.

John Street, Adelphi:

A FARCE IN TWO ACTS,

By the author of *Luke the Labourer*. Billy Taylor.
A Husband at Sight. Happiest Day of my Life.
Popping the Question, and Mischief Making.

J. D. BUCKSTONE

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY

With Remarks, Biographical & Critical,

By D—G.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A DESCRIPTION of the COSTUME, Cast of the
CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES and EXITS, RELATIVE
POSITIONS of the Performers on the Stage, and
the whole of the STAGE BUSINESS, as now per-
formed in the MERTROPOLITAN MINOR THEATRES.

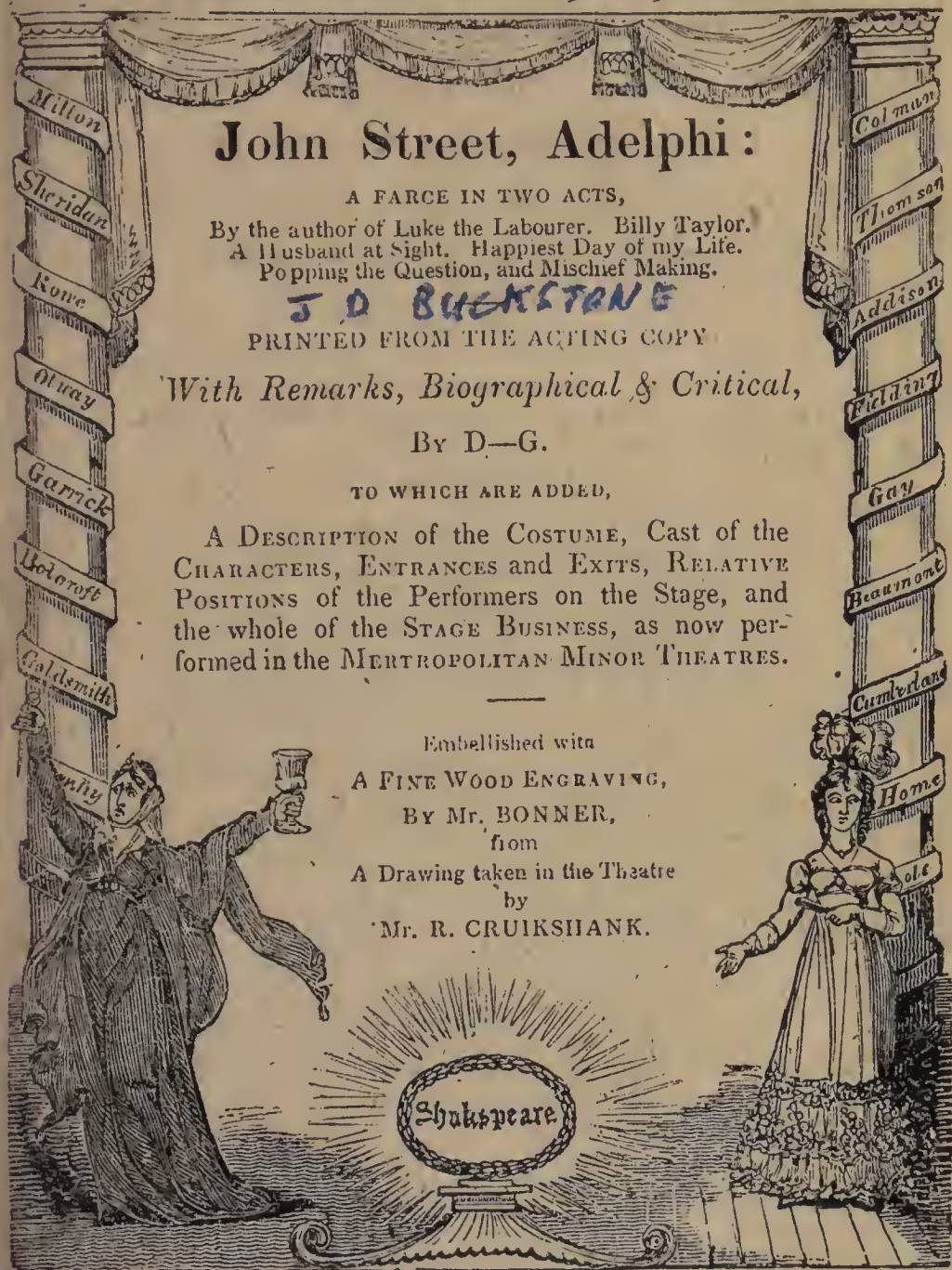
Embellished with

A FINE WOOD ENGRAVING,

By Mr. BONNER,
from

A Drawing taken in the Theatre
by

Mr. R. CRUIKSHANK.



JOHN CUMBERLAND, 2, CUMBERLAND TERRACE, CAMDEN NEW TOWN.

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R. Cruikshank, Del.

G. W. Bonner, Sc.

John Street, Adelphi.

Lady Crazy. And there, sir—and there, sir—and there!

Act I. Scene 1.

JOHN STREET, ADELPHI:

A FARCE,

In Two Acts,

BY JOHN BALDWIN BUCKSTONE, ESQ.

*Author of Luke the Labourer, Popping the Question, Snakes in the Grass,
Billy Taylor, A Husband at Sight, The Ice Witch, Open House,
Mischief Making. Happiest Day of my Life, &c.*

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BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D—G.

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REMARKS.

23, John Street, Adelphi.

EVERY man who displays his talent in the eye of the public, must take his chance for what may follow. The dramattick adventurer is most open to discussion, for many very obvious reasons, and, under the lash of criticism, has less foundation for complaint than authors in other departments of literature; for, as the drama has its origin in satire, so it is not to be wondered at if it proves the object of it. Comedy is a corrector of vice and folly, by the exhibition of mean and ridiculous characters; it has its level with the bulk of mankind, and, amidst the many pictures of human nature which it exhibits, it is no marvel if some are found who apply the portrait to themselves.

The humour of this interlude depends on the absurd jealousy of an elderly Benedick, the provoking qualities of his young wife, and the extravagant vagaries of a West-end spark, who, like Colonel Crocket, the Yankee Inamorato, can love more, in a given time, than any other man. Mr. Thomas Tomkins, of John Street, Adelphi, ogles the beautiful Lady Crazy at the Opera. Sir Charles, her too-sensitive spouse, leaves his box, takes a turn or two in the lobby to walk off his spleen, and hies to Charles Wright, the *Bottle Imp*, for a bumper of Champagne, to inspire him with the spirit to

act like a gentleman! Her ladyship, by a dramatic *ruse*, encounters her Strephon in the box-lobby, who, regardless of the publicity of the place, drops upon his knees, and makes love to her in trope and figure. This being *not* quite so agreeable to Sir Charles, an explanation is demanded, cards are exchanged, and Thomas Tomkins is informed that a hostile message awaits him on the following morn. Now, though

“ Cupid has pierced his heart, 'tis true,
Yet he'd rather not have his body run through! ”

more particularly as *both* are pledged to a fair siren, Eliza, of Pentonville. Yet shot he *must* be the day after to-morrow; so, like Abhorson, he roars for wine, and resolves to meet his fate not like a beast, but a *man*!

A matrimonial scene of jealousy is rehearsed between Sir Charles and Lady Crazy, after their return from the Opera, in which her ladyship passes *the lie* direct, emulates Sir Charles in tossing about the lighted candles, and, finally, drives him from the house. If *these* be the frolics of ladies of fashion, we can only say they are exceedingly well-bred and amusing.

Roaring drunk, without his hat, his fob and pockets turned inside out, Thomas Tomkins reels in, a musical phenomenon! apostrophises the fair Eliza, and re-acts (as did Lady Macbeth, in her sleep, the scene of Duncan's murder), his late rencontre with Sir Charles Crazy. Having composed himself to slumber on the pavement, he is commanded, by an ancient watchman, to “ move on; ” which command not being obeyed, Messrs. Phalim and Paddy, two Irish chairmen, ensconce him in their sedan; and finding in his pocket the card he had received from Sir Charles, wisely conclude him to be the *Baronet*, and bear him off to his supposed residence in *Wimpole Street*, instead of John Street, Adelphi!

This occurs at *two o'clock* in the morning! at which seasonable hour, Eliza, of Pentonville, and her brother, Captain Smith (*query* the “wicked Captain Smith,” of *Miss Bailey* notoriety?) are perambulating the Strand; the said Captain reading her a long lecture on the indecorum of boarding-school young ladies corresponding with gentlemen unknown on the subject of love, matrimony, and madness! The Captain finds his arm suddenly pinioned by ruffians, and Eliza is robbed of her “real Cashmere.” At this moment, Sir Charles, driven forth by his termagant lady, appears to their rescue; and the officer demanding to know the name of his deliverer, the Baronet, by mistake, gives him the card of the amorous Thomas Tomkins, the very man that the son of Neptune most desired to meet and chastise for his presumption. In vain does Sir Charles plead his blunder, and appeal to the lady to vouch that he is *not* the identical Thomas. The Captain is incredulous, and nothing will serve his turn but that the party shall forthwith adjourn to *Wimpole Street* for further evidence. Thither they repair, and a fine scene of confusion and cross-purposes follows. Lady Crazy, fatigued with the night’s adventure, had fallen asleep on the sofa; the servants, taking the contents of the sedan-chair (the curtains being drawn) for their inebriated master, had left it in the chamber with my Lady. Mr. Tomkins, a little sobered by his nap, emerges from the sedan, and, in staggering across the strange apartment, knocks out the solitary taper. Her Ladyship wakes, and, hearing footsteps, naturally concludes it to be her husband; and, feeling compunction for her past misconduct, salutes him with “My dear!” and throws herself into the arms of the astonished Mr. Thomas Tomkins, of No. 23, John Street, Adelphi! At this critical juncture the party from *the Strand* enter; embarrassments and explanations

ensue, Sir Charles and his Lady are reconciled, and Mr. Tomkins and his Eliza joined together in the holy bands of matrimony.

Mr. Yates was very successful in exhibiting the extravagances of Mr. Thomas Tomkins ; and to his acting, and that of Miss Boden and Miss Daly, in *Lady Crazy* and *Eliza*, the popularity of this piece may be chiefly attributed.

☞ D.—G.

Costume.

MR. THOMAS TOMKINS.—Blue coat and pantaloons—hat rather shabby.

SPENCER.—Black coat, waistcoat, and trowsers.

SIR CHARLES CRAZY.—Blue coat—white waistcoat—black pantaloons—black silk stockings, and pumps.

CAPTAIN SMITH.—Naval uniform.

JAMES. }
JOHN. } Drab liveries.

PHELM. } Long blue great coats—low-crowned
PADDY. } hats.

SNATCH. }
DIVE. }
FOGLE. } Shabby genteel suits.
SKULK. }

RATTLE.—Watchman's drab great-coat—slouched hat—lantern, &c.

LADY CRAZY.—Elegant white gauze dress, handsomely worked with silver flowers—white satin petticoat and body—handsome plume of feathers.

ELIZA SMITH.—White dress trimmed with flowers.

MARY.—Light-coloured cotton gown.

Cast of the Characters,

As performed at the Theatre Royal Adelphi.

<i>Mr. Thomas Tomkins (John Street, Adelphi)</i>		Mr. Yates.
<i>Spencer (his Friend)</i>		Mr. East.
<i>Sir Charles Crazy, Bart.</i>		Mr. Elliott.
<i>Captain Smith, R. N.</i>		Mr. S. Smith.
<i>James</i> {	<i>Servants to Sir Charles</i>	Mr. Cooper.
<i>John</i> }		
<i>Phalim</i> {	<i>Irish Chairmen</i>	{
<i>Paddy</i> }		
<i>Snatch</i> {	<i>Pickpockets</i>	Mr. Sanders.
<i>Dive</i> }		
<i>Fogle</i> }		
<i>Skulk</i> }		
<i>Rattle (a Watchman)</i>		Mr. Morris.
<i>Lady Crazy</i>		Miss Boden.
<i>Eliza Smith</i>		Miss Daly.
<i>Mary</i>		Mrs. Daly.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this Work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from personal observations, during the most recent performances.

EXITS and ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; F. *the Flat*, or *Scene running across the back of the Stage*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; C. D. *Centre Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R. RC. C. LC. L.

*** *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*

23, JOHN STREET, ADELPHI.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Lobby of the Opera.—Folding Doors, C. F.*

Enter SIR CHARLES CRAZY, C. D.

Sir C. I'll endure it no longer. Doctors' Commons shall hear of this, unfeeling, ungrateful woman! I saw it all. She gave him encouragement: I saw it in every twinkle of her eye and flourish of her fan. This is the consequence of marrying a second wife. Zounds! that a man that has been once caught, and is acquainted with every wire of the snare of matrimony, should again thrust his neck into the lure! An impudent, grinning coxcomb, to sit close to my box, and make love to my wife before my face! I could see him looking volumes—volumes! zounds! a whole circulating library! And my wife to look, look again, and then turn to me with a triumphant air, and ask my opinion of *De Begnis* or *Pasta*! But this shall finish it. I'll step to Wright's, fortify myself with a glass of Champagne, and then act like a man and a gentleman.

[*Exit, R.*

[*Tomkins heard without, singing "Di Tanti Palpiti."*

Enter TOMKINS, arm in arm with SPENCER, C. D. F.

Spe. (R. C.) Silence, silence, Tomkins! You must not allow your rapture to abscond with your reason.

Tom. (C.) Rapture and reason! My dear fellow, they are decided opposites, and as difficult to mingle as oil and vinegar. Did you see her? did you see her beautiful blue eye darting its lightning into our box, and scorching my heart to a cinder? Did you see that, my boy? There she sat glancing over her fan, and telling me with all her might, I was the man to her mind; and when *Pasta* lingered on a sweetly-dying cadenza, didn't you hear me sigh so loud and so musically that the leader of the band turned his head, and thought it was an unknown hautboy accompaniment? *Tol de rol lol!*

I've been miserable my whole life till this moment, and now I'm the happiest dog in Europe.

Spe. Then you have quite forgotten your charming Eliza Smith, and all the amatory epistles you have written to her.

Tom. Quite, quite, Spencer. Don't bother me, now. Oh, you beautiful creature !

Spe. Me !

Tom. No, no ! she in the box. I'm bewildered and bewitched.

Spe. I'm returning to my chambers—I suppose it is useless to request your company.

Tom. Would you have me run away from Elysium the moment I've entered ?

Spe. I'm fully persuaded that gentleman sitting behind her was her husband ; therefore take heed he don't act the part of Jupiter, and, with a single kick, send you, like Vulcan, to forge thunderbolts on terra firma.

Tom. Well, suppose he should, I'm sure of a capital furnace ; for this heart of mine, Spencer, is in such a blaze for that sweet creature, that if another General Elliott was about to take another Gibraltar, and I an officer in the Artillery, he would only have to put his cannon-balls into my waistcoat pocket, and they'd come out again in a second red hot.

Spe. Then let us away this instant, if you've any regard for the safety of the Opera-house.

Tom. Softly, softly, my gentle Spencer—my bashaw with no tails ; hear my plans. I intend to watch her out—see her into her carriage—observe the arms—and, if the footman won't allow me to ride behind, I must get my wind into good blowing order, and jog along by the side of the vehicle to its place of destination.

Spe. Then farewell for the night ; but take care of yourself ;—a handsome wife, and perhaps a jealous husband, are dangerous characters to trifle with.

Tom. Don't be alarmed ; the lawyers must live—and rather than lose half an hour's conversation, whether civil or otherwise, with that divinity, I would not hesitate to allow the Court of King's Bench to charge me a guinea a syllable. You see I'm a desperate man. Hamlet, after the Ghost scene, is a mere commonplace fellow to your friend Tomkins. So away, my friend—away, and leave me to myself.—[*Exit Spencer, R.*]
Now I'm alone, and fit for mischief. Shall I wait here till the

ballet's over, or shall I return to my box, and kill her over again? Eh! a party or two are coming out—she may be among them—I'll watch: she's not there. Zounds! how I shake! I was tolerably bold at a distance, but I am afraid my courage will not stick by me at close quarters. Eh! another party coming! By Jupiter, here she comes—and alone, too! she is separated from her party. Now for it! What shall I say? I don't know, I'm sure. I mustn't flinch.

Enter LADY CRAZY, C. D. F.

Lady C. Where can Sir Charles be? How provoking! Those friends of his will loiter so! I declare they have returned to the box again—have missed me, I dare say.

[She is returning, when Tomkins checks her.]

Tom. Madam!

Lady C. *[Turning suddenly.]* Sir! Oh! *[Laughing.]* Ha, ha, ha! *[Aside.]* That booby here!

Tom. *[Laughing.]* Ha, ha, ha! Very singular—isn't it?

Lady C. *[Coolly.]* What is singular, sir?

Tom. *[Confused.]* I don't know, but—but—it strikes me it is.

Lady C. Perhaps you allude to your conduct, sir. *[Aside.]* If Sir Charles would but come!

Tom. Dear me! I am posed here. Ma—Madam—might I be permitted to hand you to your carriage?

Lady C. *[Going, L.]* I thank you, sir, but I must return to my party.

Tom. Madness! desperation!—*[Runs after her, and leads her back.]*—No, Madam, don't go! Excuse my agitated presumption. I'll endeavour to explain myself as quickly as possible; but allow me to ask you one solitary question—did you see me in the box? I was looking at you—pray, were you looking at me? Didn't you think me very impudent? Won't you pardon me? and are you married?

Lady C. *[Aside.]* I see Sir Charles on the stairs.—I did see you in the box, sir; I might be looking at you, perhaps; it was your impudence attracted my attention, but I freely pardon you; and I am married.

Tom. Married! Oh, Madam! do not suffer the despair conceived in the awful word to reach a climax, which another will assuredly produce. Shall I behold you again? Say "Yes," and I shall become immortal;

but in the utterance of the monosyllable "No," I shall die at your feet, by the side of your silk shoes.

[Seizing her hand.]

Lady C. [Faintly struggling.] Nay, sir, relinquish my hand.

Tom. [Kneeling.] Oh, Madam! on my knee, on my two knees, I beseech you to tell me—

Re-enter SIR CHARLES, R., followed by a Servant—On perceiving them, he starts in confusion, takes the hand of Lady Crazy and passes her to the Servant, who follows her out, R., she concealing her face with her fan, Tomkins remaining on his knees in a state of astonishment.

Sir C. Now, sir, when you have resumed your natural position, I would wish a word with you.

Tom. [Rising.] By what authority have you, sir, dared to interrupt me in the first and most momentary occurrence of my life?

Sir C. (R. c.) First let me ask you what was your intention in going upon your knees to that lady?

Tom. (c.) As I am inclined to be civil, I'll tell you.

Sir C. Well, sir.

Tom. I was endeavouring to make myself agreeable.

Sir C. Indeed, sir! Then the next time you attempt such an impossibility, endeavour to possess the morality and the better taste to try the experiment on an unmarried lady.

Tom. But, suppose I should prefer the other?

Sir C. Then you must expect to meet the consequences.

Tom. What consequence, sir—what consequence?

Sir C. The indignation and the resentment of the husband. Now, sir, who are you?

Tom. Me, sir, me! I'm Mr. Tomkins.

Sir C. Your card, sir.

[*Sir Charles takes out his card-case, in which there appears but one card.*]

Tom. My card, sir! What right have you to demand it?

Sir C. That lady is my wife.

Tom. Well, sir, then you are a very happy fellow, and I envy you exceedingly. I'm not joking; I do indeed.

Sir C. No trifling, sir—your card.

Tom. Certainly, certainly, if you insist upon it, and I can find one.—[Searching, and producing one from hi

waistcoat pocket, broken and dirty.—Dear me! I hope this will do; it is the only one I have remaining, but it bears my name and address—"Mr. Thomas Tomkins, 23, John Street, Adelphi."

Sir C. There is mine, sir.—[*They exchange cards, Sir Charles putting Tomkins's in his case, and Tomkins putting Sir Charles's in his waistcoat pocket.*—In the morning, sir, you will hear from me. [Exit, R.

Tom. Hear from him in the morning! Oh, dear me! this is no joke. The penetrating glance of a beautiful woman into your heart, is a very pretty idea; but if it must be accompanied by the perforation of a pistol-bullet, I've a notion all ideas would very speedily be wandering.—[*Takes out the card, and reads.*—"*Sir Charles Crazy, Wimpole Street.*" Dear me! I've captivated a baronet's wife; what a happy dog I am! Oh no, I an't—I'm to be shot the day after to-morrow. The thermometer of my spirits sinks twenty degrees; all the quicksilver has dropped into my heels, and I feel a great inclination to run away from the business altogether. Hear from him in the morning! and her husband, too! Now my conscience is offended, and thinks of exchanging cards with my conduct; while my timid, blushing Eliza, of Pentonville boarding-school, flits like a Freischutzian shadow athwart my vision. Dear me! this will never do. Where shall I go? what shall I do? Eh! the ballet's over, and the people are coming out. And I'm to be shot the day after to-morrow! But I deserve it—I deserve it all. So I'll button up my coat, jump into a hackney, drive to the Albany, call for half a dozen of Burgundy, and then prepare for my fate like a hero.

[Exit, R.

SCENE II.—*An Apartment—Four candles burning—Tables and Chairs—Books, &c. on the table.*

JAMES and MARY discovered.

James. [Yawning.] I wish master and mistress would come home. These late hours don't at all agree with me. We never had such work as this at our house in Berkshire.

Mary. Oh, nonsense! You'll find things very different in London, and when you are used to it, it will agree with you as well as with me. For my part, I prefer your late-hour families; and I like to hear a little bit of

a bobbery in the house, too, now and then; it all helps to keep one alive.

James. There's no want of that, I'm sure, for master and mistress have been at it ding-dong lately.

[*A loud knock heard at the door, L.*

Mary. There they are. Open the door, while I light the candles and place the chairs.—[*Exit James, L.*—Now I suppose we shall have the usual night's quarrelling, and then all the servants will be allowed to go to bed in peace.

Lady C. [*Without, L.*] I'll not endure it, Sir Charles.

Sir C. [*Without, L.*] I tell you, madam, I'll not endure it.

Mary. Begun already, I hear. Now for it.

Enter LADY CRAZY, L. followed by SIR CHARLES.

Lady C. Don't talk to me, sir. I have borne your temper patiently hitherto, but now it is too much for mortal endurance.—*Mary*, a chair. Leave the room.

[*Exit Mary, L.*

Sir C. Well, madam, go on. Don't let me interrupt you in any complaint you may have to make. I am willing to hear you out, and then I shall expect to be heard in return.

Lady C. It's all very fine, but this shall finish it. But it serves me justly right. I deserve to meet with worse treatment, that I should ever condescend to marry—

Sir C. Madam!

Lady C. Yes, sir, condescend—condescend, I say, to marry a widower.

Sir C. Madam, you were—

Lady C. Don't talk, sir—don't say another word, at your peril. Now, sir, let me ask you, did I not live at my aunt's in Berkshire, respected and admired by the surrounding neighbourhood? Did not my aunt give routs to the first society in the place? Did not my aunt educate me in a manner that calculated me for the wife of an Earl—an Earl, sir? Did not she say that I was initiated in all the household duties and cardinal virtues?

Sir C. She certainly said—

Lady C. She certainly said! You now want to mince the matter. She said it, sir—she said it!

[*Beating the table violently with her fan.*

Sir C. [*Starting up.*] Well, madam, suppose she did say so, your aunt never taught you to wink and laugh,

and give the leer of enticement to every puppy who might happen to gaze at you.

Lady C. I wink my eye at a man! I don't wish to offend you, sir; but if you intimate that I act in such a manner, you are uttering a falsehood.

Sir C. Pray, madam, in what light do you consider your behaviour at the Opera this evening?

Lady C. Oh, that has galled you! [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha! If Sir Charles Crazy cannot see his wife admired without being jealous, it would be advisable to keep her under lock and key.

Sir C. Hear me, my Lady. You are my second wife—I am your first husband. Matrimony is a novelty to you; you are unacquainted with the niceties of conduct necessary to render the state happy. I lived with the late Lady Crazy ten years peacefully and reputably; she was a woman calculated to make any man happy; and during the whole ten years of our felicity, she never caused me the slightest pang of the nature that now I feel. I placed my honour in her hands, and she kept it faithfully.

Lady C. Indeed, I think I have heard you say, she was an ordinary woman—very much pock-marked, I believe?

Sir C. But allow me to observe—

Lady C. Stop a moment; don't talk just yet.

Sir C. Fire and furies! Madam, I will speak.

Lady C. If you intend going into a passion, I've done with you. Well, sir, proceed. I thought you wished to speak. Oh, you continue silent! Well, then, I'll go on. Now, sir, I'll tell you my mind. The fact is, your causeless jealousy has been carried to such extremes, that I now intend you shall have all the cause it is in my power to give, in the forlorn hope of curing you.

Sir C. Upon my word, very pretty indeed! So you intend to accustom me to the shadow of your intrigues, that when the substance appears, I may meet it with becoming resignation.

Lady C. Exactly so.

Sir C. Then I have done with you for ever. But I see how it is—you are now playing with my feelings. I see it, madam. Yes, you trifle with my temper; you delight in seeing my passion conquer my sense of propriety; but you shall be disappointed, madam. I'll not forget myself to afford you sport—no, madam, no. [*Throws his chair away, and dashes a candlestick on the ground.*] There!

Lady C. And there, sir—and there, sir—and there !
 [Throwing all the other candles about.—Stage dark.] And now,
 sir, we are both in the dark.

Sir C. Lady Crazy, I'll leave this house to-night—nay,
 this very instant. I've my hat in my hand—now it's on
 my head. And, mark me, madam! don't send after me;
 I'll never return; you shall never hear of me again. I'll
 leave this house alone, and on foot, madam. If you send
 a servant after me, I'll knock him down; and if *you* venture
 to follow me, madam, I'll—However, madam, I have
 come to this decision: from this night forth, you and I
 meet no more under one roof. [Exit, L.]

Lady C. Poor man! he's gone, sure enough. I am
 afraid I've carried the joke too far. But what am I to
 do? A man of his years and experience should know
 better. Bless me! I'm without a light all this time. I
 can't find the bell. [Calling.] Mary, Mary! a light!
 As to his never coming back to me again, that's the
 usual finis to his volume of rage.

Enter MARY, with a light, L.

Mary, pick up these candlesticks, and attend me to my
 room. Tell James, if his master returns, instantly to ac-
 quaint me; upon my word, I feel sorry for him. I cer-
 tainly should not have teased him so unmercifully.
 But—but—what is a woman to do?

[Exit, followed by Mary, L.]

SCENE III.—*A Street.—A light shines on from R. S. E.,
 supposed to be from a gas-light—a Watchman heard
 crying "Past One."*

Enter SNATCH, R. U. E.

Sna. It's all right. Dive, Fogle, and Skulk, are on
 the look-out; and Charley seems going comfortably to
 his box. Now I think we have the street to ourselves.
 [Tomkins heard singing without, L. U. E.] Hallo! here
 comes a musical gentleman. He mustn't flash his notes
 here, or he may chance to get them scratched out of his
 gamut.

*Enter TOMKINS, L. U. E., tipsy, without his hat, and his pockets
 turned inside out.*

Sna. Stand up, sir! Stand up, sir! Eh! his pockets
 are deranged already, I see. Stand up, sir!

Tom. Sir, please, which is the way to John Street, Adelphi?

Sna. As straight as you can go, sir.

Tom. Thank'e, sir. [*Hiccup.*] Where am I now?

Sna. I don't know where you are, sir; but you seem to have just come from Liquorpond Street.

Tom. It's no such thing, I tell you. Oh, Eliza Smith! [*Hiccup.*] Pardon my inconstancy; forgive your poor Thomas! receive him once more into your open arms.

[*Reels into the arms of Snatch.*]

Snatch. Stand up, sir!

Tom. Wasn't she a beautiful creature, Spencer?—
[*Hiccup.*] I'm to be shot the morning after to-morrow! Spencer, Spencer! take hold of my arm. Spencer, you're drunk! [*Taking Snatch's arm and reeling with him.*]

Snatch. Come, sir, walk on—that's your way.

Tom. Eh, which way?

Snatch. That way.

Tom. How do you know any thing about it? Who told you where I was going? Hark'e! bring me another bottle, or I'll kick you down stairs.

Snatch. Come, come, hands off! or I shall call the watch.

Tom. Call the watch—zounds! and d'ye think I can't call the watch as well as you? Who are you, sir? I must fight you, sir! [*Putting himself in a boxing position.*] Now, where can you touch me?—Can stop you all ways, right and left—parry—feint—stop—return—whack—whack!

[*Strikes Snatch, who seizes him.*]

Snatch. I'll soon settle your business, my master!

Tom. Who are you, sir? [*Seizing his collar with both hands.*] Your card, sir!—Give me your card!—You have insulted a gentleman!—That lady's my wife, sir! Your card, sir!

Snatch. Come, now, keep off!

Tom. Your card, sir! You've insulted a gentleman! Your card—your card! [*They struggle.*] Here—watch, watch, watch!

[*Calling.*]

Snatch. Oh, if that's your fun, I'm off!

[*Disengages himself from Tomkins, throws him down, and runs off, R.*]

Tom. [*Sitting up.*] Eliza Smith, I hope—I hope I'm not fallen in your estimation? Fol, lol, de rol! Hollo! which is the way to John Street, Adelphi? “I sing the maid of Lodi, who sweetly sang”—[*Attempting to rise.*] What a beautiful creature that baronet's wife is!

—what a happy dog I should be if she belonged to me! Eliza Smith, I shall never see you again—what a miserable fellow I am! If I could but get a little groggy, I should forget my troubles; but I can't—I can't!

[*Rattle without, L. U. E., crying "Past two."*]

Tom. Past two! That's a lie! it's no such thing! my watch is right by the Horse-Guards. Dear me, where's my watch? I recollect, I put it into my hat. Dear me, where's my hat? If I hav'nt hung it on a lamp-iron. I've lost it. [*Rattle cries, "Past two."*] Past two! Now it's to-morrow, and I am to be shot to-day! Oh, Eliza Smith! Oh, the beautiful creature at the Opera! Oh, my head! William, William! where's the rush-light? I want to go to sleep. [*Lays down.*] Sarah don't understand making beds. Where's the pillow? William, hav'nt I got in at the foot of the bed? Tuck me up, Sarah!—good night! Fol, lol, de rol, lol, de day! Oh, Eliza Smith!

[*Hums and goes to sleep.*]

Enter RATTLE, L. U. E., crying "Past two."

Rat. Move on, there, move on. Eh! somebody here, fast asleep. Move on, master. Oh, you can't hear; then I must see who you are. [*He places Tomkins in a sitting posture, and surveys him with his lantern.*] He seems to be a gentleman, but his pockets are tolerably empty. Never mind, none the worse gentleman for all that. Hallo! sir, sir. He's as fast as a church; what shall I do with him? [*Phalim sings without, L.*] Oh, here comes a chair.

Enter PHALIM and PADDY, with an empty sedan, L.

Rat. Stop, my masters; are you unhired?

Pha. You may say that.

Rat. Then you must take this gentleman home.

Pha. Paddy, pop down the vehicle, while I place his honour in snug. He's a most elegant gentleman. [*Places him on his legs—he slides forward.*] He's got a hard frost in his heels; he's sliding away from me. [*Places him upright—his head falls forward.*] Poor cratur! he's a trifle heavier in the head than the heels.

Tom. Oh! Eliza Smith!

Pha. He says his name's Eliza Smith. That's an iligant name for a lady in pantaloons, I take it. [*They place him in and shut the door.*] There he is, snug. Paddy.

draw the drapery ; but stop, stop ; och by the powers ! where will I take him to ?

Rat. I don't know, he's no acquaintance of mine. Open the door again and search his pockets, and if you can't find a letter or a direction-card, take him to the watchhouse or the night-constable's.

Pha. Open the vehicle again, Paddy. [*Paddy opens the door.*] I'll search your pockets, if it's agreeable. [*Louder.*] I'll search your pockets, if it's agreeable. [*Searches.*] Oh ! the devil a word he utters that gives consent. It's no use searching his breeches pockets.

Rat. No ; why ?

Pha. Bekase they're outside in. By St. Patrick, we must find out who he is, or we may gad about with him all night, and be no wiser. Stop a trifle—by the okey, here's a small bit o' pastebord direction-post in his waistcoat-pocket. [*Produces a card from Tomkins's waistcoat-pocket.*] There it is, watchman ; plase to rade it, bekase I left school before I had finished my edication.

Rat. [*Holding the card to the lantern—reads.*] “ Sir Charles Crazy, Bart., Wimpole Street.”

Pha. By the okey, a capital job this. Shut the door, and jog along, Paddy. We'll lodge Mister Crazy Bart in Wimpole Street, as right as nine-pence. Good night, watchman.

Rat. Good night.

[*Exeunt the Chairmen with the sedan, L., the Watchman, R. crying “ Past two.”*]

Enter SNATCH, DIVE, FOGLE, and SKULK, R. U. E.

Sna. Now, lads, look sharp. This will be a rare night's work for us. We'll just finish this job, then off we start. There's a lady and gentleman coming across the road—the lady has got a real Ingy shawl on, and the gentleman has a very pretty bunch of jewellery hanging out of his fob—I twigg'd 'em by the gas-lights. Stand back. Keep snug, and don't stir till I give the signal.

[*They retire, L.*]

Enter CAPTAIN SMITH and ELIZA, R. U. E.

Capt. S. I'll tell you what, Eliza ; you and I shall have a very serious quarrel, if you are not more candid about this affair of yours with this Mr. Tomkins.

Eli. I wish, brother, you would select some other time to catechise me, and not stop in the streets at past

two o'clock in the morning; and just returning from a pleasant party, too. I have told you, brother, that I am willing to explain at a proper time.

Cap. But when, Miss? when? It appears to me that this Mr. Tomkins has been clandestinely carrying on a correspondence with you, at Mrs. Dilworth's school, which is quite at variance with my ideas of propriety; and who Mr. Tomkins is I will know before I stir from this spot.

[*Snatch, Dive, and Fogle advance, and pinion the Captain's arms with a handkerchief and hold him down.—Eliza screams.*]

Snatch. [*Dragging Eliza off, R. U. E.*] Come, Marm, I must search you.

Cap. [*Struggling.*] Watch! watch! scoundrels! villains! watch!

Enter SIR CHARLES CRAZY, L.—*The Pickpockets perceiving him, run off, leaving the Captain with his arms tied.*

Sir C. What outrage is this?

Cap. [*Calling.*] Eliza! Eliza! where are you?

Sir C. Stop, sir let me first release your arms.

[*Unties the handkerchief.*]

Cap. Thank you, sir, thank you. The scoundrels have skipp'd off. Say, sir, where I can call to return my thanks for your kindness? I shall be most happy—

Sir C. Oh, sir, no thanks are necessary.

Cap. Nay, sir, I must.

Sir C. Well, sir, since you wish it.

[*Takes out his card-case, and gives the Captain the card he received from Tomkins.*]

Cap. [*Looking at the card.*] "Mr. Thomas Tomkins, 23, John Street, Adelphi." Oh! sir, I have found you at last, have I? This is fortunate, upon my word. Sir, you are no gentleman.

Sir C. I beg your pardon, sir; I'm afraid I've given you the wrong card.

Cap. Your name is Tomkins, sir?

Sir C. My name is not Tomkins, sir.

Re-enter ELIZA, L. S. E., without her shawl.

Eli. Oh! Francis, I have lost my shawl.

Cap. But I've found your gentleman.

Eli. Who?

Cap. Your Mr. Tomkins.

Sir C. Now, madam, perhaps you can satisfy your impetuous brother. Am I, or am I not, Mr. Tomkins?

Eli. The gentleman is a stranger, Francis.

Cap. I'll not believe it, till I'm satisfied what your intentions are towards my sister.

Sir C. I never saw your sister before in the whole course of my life.

Eli. You mistake, brother, you do indeed.

Cap. I do not.

Sir C. Sir, will the evidence of your eyes, ears, and senses, if you have any, convince you. Now, sir, whoever you may be, I insist, to clear myself from this disagreeable situation, that you immediately go with me to my house, where, I suppose, the presence of my wife will prove your error.

Cap. Well, sir, I will go with you to your house, and, when I am so convinced, I may be satisfied, but not till then.

Sir C. Then, sir, follow me instantly.

Cap. With the greatest pleasure in life. Come on, Eliza.

[*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE IV.—*An Apartment at Sir Charles Crazy's, as before.*

Enter JAMES, L., with a candle, showing in the Chairmen, with the sedan—They place it, R. on the tables and chairs.

Pha. You won't get such a ride as that every day, Mr. Crazy Bart.

James. Is he very tipsy?

Pha. You may say that, without any mistake.

James. Hush!

Pha. Hush yourself, and see how you like it. By the okey, you've no occasion to be frightened at waking him; you might howl over him all night, and the devil a stir would he stir at all.

James. You found him asleep in the street

Pha. Dead asleep as ever he was in his life.

James. And, upon searching him, you found this direction?

[*Producing Sir Charles's card.*]

Pha. In his waistcoat-pocket.

James. What must be done? I never knew Sir Charles to be in this state before; and my lady has retired to her dressing-room. I must not disturb him till I have her orders.

Pha. Plase, have you such a thing as a barrel of small-beer about you?

James. Hush !

Pha. Here's a hushing family we have got into. I wish you may get it.

James. Wait till I have informed my lady of the affair. [*Goes L. and calls.*] Mary ! Mary !

Enter MARY, L. S. E.

James. My master has been brought home quite tipsy. He's in that chair.

Pha. I drew the blinds down, 'case nobody should see him in the dark.

Mary. I must acquaint my lady immediately.

James. I had better not disturb him till I have received her orders.

Mary. By no means ; for she, tired of sitting up, has fallen asleep on the sofa.

Pha. By the powers ! there's a pair of them—sleeping beauties !

Mary. Hush !

Pha. Hadn't you better live in the whispering gallery ?

Mary. Take the men into the hall, and let the chair remain here.

James. Hush ! tread softly, and follow me.

[*Exit Mary L. S. E., James, L., with a candle, followed by the two chairmen on tiptoe—After a short pause, the chair is seen to move, and Tomkins, raising the lid by degrees, looks out.*

Tom. Dear me !—bless my soul, where am I ? William, I've had the nightmare !—Pull my leg, William ! Am I at home ? Oh, yes, I see, quite snug ! [*Opens the chair door and comes out.*] I think I've been asleep ! Dear me ! I feel as if I had been a little mops and brooms—I certainly have ! Eh, a chair !—Oh, I see, some kind friend has boxed me up and sent me home like a gentleman ! Oh, I've been at a feast in honour of Bacchus, and become qualified for the chair ! Hollo ! this is not my room !—I swear that is not my table ! and the candlestick is a perfect stranger to me—so is the candle ! I never have any body but the rushlights sitting up for me at my lodgings ! Bless my soul ! I can't be at home, after all—this is some strange house ! I begin to feel alarmed—I'll call for some one ! Stop a moment ; let me consider half a second, where have I been to ? [*Puts his hands in his pockets.*] Eh, my pockets are empty

enough, at all events! The Opera! yes, I certainly went to the Opera, and now I recollect I saw a most beautiful creature there—was quite bewitched! and now I do recollect I am to be shot to-morrow morning—so I am! But I was to meet Eliza Smith to-morrow morning! But where the devil am I now? [*Looking around.*] I'll ring the bell and inquire. Dear me! I can't walk straight yet! [*Reels, and knocks the candle down.*]

Enter LADY CRAZY, L.

Lady C. Is that you, my dear? I have been so agitated.

Tom. Eh! [*Aside.*] I think that's the voice of my Opera beauty

Lady C. [*Taking him round the neck.*] How could you think of forgetting yourself so much, my dear! But I'm to blame—I should not have provoked you so.

Tom. [*Aside.*] I'm electrified!

[*He heartily returns her embrace, a loud knocking is heard at the door, L.—They both start.*]

Lady C. Who can that be, my dear? [*Tomkins is trembling, and alarmed.*] What is the matter with you, my dear,—you must have caught cold by your trembling so violently? Come, come! let me ring for a light.

Tom. [*Catching her in his arms.*] No, my love, no!

Enter JAMES, L., with candles, showing in SIR CHARLES CRAZY, CAPTAIN SMITH, and ELIZA.

[*Sir Charles, seeing the situation of his wife, is struck with rage and wonder—Tomkins utters a cry of surprise on seeing Eliza Smith, he drops on his knees, and hides his face in his hands—Eliza and Lady Crazy both scream—Eliza is supported by her astonished Brother; and Lady Crazy, confounded and amazed, seizes her husband's hands, and sobs on his shoulder.*]

Tom. Eliza Smith!

Sir C. Sir—Mr. Tomkins, how came you in my house?

Tom. I don't know.

Cap. That, Mr. Tomkins?

Eli. Yes, that's Mr. Tomkins.

Sir C. Explain, 'sir—explain!

Cap. Yes, sir, and I must have an explanation.

Tom. [*Rising.*] Dear me, I shall have my throat cut!

The fact is, I think I've a greater right to an explanation than any of you.

Sir C. How came you in my house, sir? Answer me that.

Cap. How dare you write letters to my sister, sir? Answer me that.

Tom. Now, gentlemen, gentlemen,—one at a time, if you please. There are two of you want an explanation—three, for aught I know—and I certainly have but one tongue to answer you all. You, Sir Charles, want to know how I came into your house. On that point, I am as much in the dark as you are; but here I am,—though I doubt not your servant will explain; for, to the best of my recollection, I was brought here a little elevated, in that chair, and fast asleep.

James. Yes, Sir Charles, the chairman produced this card, stating they had found the owner asleep, and tipsy—I believe, in the street.

Tom. [*Taking the card.*] Dear me, the very card I received from you, Sir Charles.

Sir C. Very well, sir, very well! But how came you in my wife's arms?

Tom. Upon my word, sir, the lady can explain that better than I can.

Lady C. I assure you, Sir Charles, I am innocent!

Sir C. Yes, my love, I see it all. Mr. Tomkins!

Tom. [*Starting.*] Sir!

Sir C. Do you know a Captain Smith, Sir?

Tom. I know Eliza Smith, Sir; and I have heard of Captain Smith, Sir?

Cap. Mr. Tomkins!

Tom. Sir!

Cap. I am Captain Smith, of his Majesty's royal navy, sir; how I came here, sir, will be explained at a proper time. [*Taking a quantity of letters from his pocket.*] Now, sir, I have been on a cruise for a year or so; and before I set sail, I left my sister, harboured safely as I thought, at Mrs. Dilworth's Boarding-School, at Pentonville; but, when I returned, what should I discover among my sister's books but all these letters from you, Sir, about love and happiness, and matrimony and madness!

Tom. Guilty, Captain Smith, guilty!

Cap. Well, sir, and of what nature, are your intentions?

Tom. Honourable, Sir, honourable!—Oh, Eliza Smith! [*Captain Smith puts her across to him—He warmly embraces her.*] Oh, oh, Eliza Smith! [*To Lady Crazy.*] Don't look at me, Ma'am! Are you satisfied, Captain Smith?

Cap. At present, I am.

Tom. Are you, Sir Charles?

Sir C. Perfectly!

Tom. [*To Lady Crazy.*] And you, madam?

Lady C. Oh, certainly!

Tom. And you, Eliza?

Eli. Yes, Mr. Tomkins.

Tom. Then, so am I. And now, [*To the Audience.*] Ladies and Gentlemen, your satisfaction remains to be proved. But let me hope, that you will not suffer the moral of this adventure to escape you: that the young Mr. Tomkins's present may be aware how they attack, with the artillery of their glances, the beauties of the boxes—and the beauties of the boxes be equally as guarded against any attempt to look or smile, in return, to the young Tomkins's in the pit; but if the smiles of both parties are withheld on this occasion, I shall be under the disagreeable necessity of changing my lodgings. But as Mrs. Tomkins that is to be, and myself, may not at present meet with a house likely to suit us, I trust, I may be allowed nightly to present my card—23, John Street, Adelphi.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

R.]

[L.

LADY C. SIR C. TOM. ELIZA. CAP. JAMES.

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